

A Twist Of Fate by edensoutlaw

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Summary:

You're in a relationship with Jonathan Byers, your best friend since you were 4 years old. Your relationship never felt different from your friendship... Senior year at highschool and it seems both your hearts weren't in the relationship anymore.

A late night pool side therapy session at a party makes your heart beat once more.

A Twist Of Fate

Author's Note:

I am awful at grammar and spelling so please forgive me if its hard to read and follow!

I'm a little jumpy with my writing style as I feel like I ramble if I put too much detail between things... I'm still learning so forgive me!

I have been back editing and changing things but the layout and the way I write different characters speaking... needs some work.

I might write more to this, let me know what you think!

Jonathan Byers had been your best friend since childhood. You'd do everything together. Even going to the same schools to stay close. It wasn't until freshman year of high-school that you both admitted your feelings for one another.

You were happy, your friendship and relationship blossomed. That was until the end of junior year.

You'd attended an end of year party, enjoying being out of your room for once. You went alone as Jonathan had other plans, but it was still nice to get out.

You'd spent most of the time sat alone by the pool. You never were a party person so You just enjoyed the somewhat quiet ambiance of the pool water being pushed around by the summer breeze. You enjoyed the solidarity, drowning out the sound of the music and distant chatter. It was peaceful... until the sound of someone flopping down on one of the chairs near you disturbed your peace. You took a glance, quickly rolling your eyes.

Of course.

It was none other than Steve Harrington. The host of the party. Obnoxious king of Hawkins High.

He was sat there, beer in hand, looking sorry for himself.

You /almost/ felt bad.

“Not enjoying my party?”

A voice echoed towards you, causing you to let out a sigh.

“Oh no, I am. Just needed to get away from the music for a bit”

You half heartedly smiled at the host before turning your attention back to the water.

“You’re Byers girl, right? Uhh... (Insert names which start with the same letter as yours but are wrong)”

“Y/N”

You cut off his stammering,

“Y/N, yeah... Byers not here? Or are you having some kind of lovers tiff?”

He smirked and sipped his beer. You wanted the conversation to end but knew it wasn’t going to end easily.

“He’s with his friends tonight and I kept promising myself to get out and be more social so, I decided to come. Not doing too good on the social side, but I’m out at least.”

You chuckled to yourself. You never were into parties.

You looked over at Steve. He was staring at the people inside, almost spaced out.

“So what’s the great Steve Harrington doing out here and not inside keeping his ‘king’ title”

Your heart sank a little when his head dropped back against the chair. He looked like he needed to get out of his own skin.

Steve’s head rolled to the side to look at you before he shoved himself up and took the seat next to you.

“One sad soul to another?”

He looked around before back at you,

“I needed a break... from people, from the title, from Nancy...”

“Nancy? So you are dating her... Thought so”

He scoffed,

“Well. I don’t know how well that’s going. She just told me that our relationship was bullshit... maybe she’s drunk. She seemed honest... I don’t know.”

He flapped his arms in frustration, he was clearly hurting.

“I just want the party to end so I can be alone.”

His head dropped, looking at the paving below him.

You felt sorry for him now.

“Well,”

You turned slightly to face him.

“My mom always said that it’s never good to be alone when you’re not feeling great. If you want to talk, I promise nothing will leave this patio”

You put your fingers to your mouth, doing a quick ‘zipped lips’ action and smiled.

He smiled back, putting his beer down and getting comfortable.

You both spent the rest of the night talking and getting to know each other, talking about your issues. You saw a different side to Steve Harrington that night. A good side.

And that’s when the trouble began.

You realised he was different when he wasn’t ‘the king’ it warmed your heart, the little butterflies that slowly flapped around awoke, going crazy.

Oh no....

I have a crush on Steve ‘The Hair’ Harrington.

You weren’t the only one feeling conflict.

Jonathan had come to the party that night.

Me wanted to surprise you.

He arrived not long after the argument Nancy and Steve so openly had, which lead him outside to you. As Steve went off, Jonathan went to comfort a drunk Nancy. Making sure she was okay. He had decided to drive her home in her current state...

Jonathan once had a thing for Nancy Wheeler. You were always kind of jealous of it, but thought nothing more when you said you liked each other and started dating.

You continued to talk to Steve about his life on odd occasions throughout Senior year, you’d become... friends? You’d never really talk at school. Or around his friends... he was too popular to be

associated with you in public.

The closest thing you'd get as acknowledgement was when he'd throw you a 'not so obvious' smile when you passed in the halls. Otherwise you didn't exist at all.

You felt constantly guilty for your crush... but Jonathan didn't seem to notice. In fact, he seemed to be becoming distant himself. Since that party he definitely had changed too.

————— 6 months later ————

At this point. Your crush definitely had developed into something else... you weren't even sure how you felt about Jonathan anymore.

You fiddled with the combination to your locker, jiggling it a little as it refused to open again.

"Come on!"

You shook it again, nothing.

"That thing giving you issues again?"

You jumped and spun around, feeling relieved when you saw who it was.

"Jeez Jonathan, don't do that.."

You slapped his arm playfully,

"Heh,sorry Y/N, you need help?"

He pointed to the locker before stepping toward it and getting it open in one go, helping you put your books in there. Jonathan was nothing but a gentleman and a sweetheart, it hurt a little everytime you'd talk to Steve... but your relationship with Jonathan seemed strained.

You didn't hang out as much as you used to. You'd only have the odd conversation at school and occasionally sit together at lunch.. He was always doing his photography or somewhere else. It made the thoughts of Steve stronger.

You knew that you and King Steve would never be a thing. He probably saw you as someone to vent to and nothing more, so you pretended to be happy with your current life.

As the bell rang for lunch you made your way to the dining hall, clutching your book. You looked around for Jonathan, but yet again... he was nowhere to be seen. You closed your eyes, breathing in before heading to an empty table in the corner to be alone. You settled with your lunch, opening your book and beginning to forget

about the world around you.

“Hey, Y/N!”

You almost jumped off of your seat as someone spoke. You quickly turned and saw none other than Steve Harrington himself stood there.

“Sorry! I didn’t mean to make you jump!”

He exclaimed, holding his hands up in defence.

“It’s okay,” you said as you tried to steady your heart. From the scare and from him being herez

“Is everything okay?”

Steve sat down beside you and handed you a flyer,

“So theres a party tonight, not hosted by myself... thought you might want to come”

He rubbed the back of his neck, probably feeling stupid inviting you and embarrassing himself. Pitty invite for sure.

“Oh... a party?”

You thought back to the last party you had seen him at,

“Sure, why not. Is it okay to bring Jonathan?”

Steves expression dropped slightly but he nodded.

“O-oh.. sure.. Glad you’ll be coming. I’ll, uh... see you there!”

He jumped up and quickly walked away

“I uh- thanks..”

You whispered to yourself as you watched him leave, looking at the flyer before folding it into the front of your book and closing it.

You looked at the table and pushed your lunch away.

You definitely weren’t hungry anymore.

The rest of the school day went on as normal. The end bell ringing being the best part of the day. Heading to your locker to put your books away, You noticed Jonathan at his locker down the hall and waved before closing your locker and approaching him.

“Hey Jonathan, Steve invited me to a party tonight and I was wondering if you wanted to come with me?”

“Oh, is it the one by Becky Jenkins? Nancy invited me to it too so, yeah we can go together”

He smiled and finished putting his things away.

You thought for a moment about what he said, confused to why

Nancy would invite him... they don't talk? Right...? Maybe whilst you've been off day dreaming and talking to Steve he's been off with Nancy...

"Uhh Y/N.. you okay..?"

Jonathan looked at you concerned.

You shook your head quickly

"Yes sorry, I just... zoned out for a moment there .."you half heartedly chuckled,

"If you're sure.. Hey, I wanted to talk to you about something after the party if that's okay? I'll drive you home and we can chat then okay?"

You gulped, your stomach churning.

All you could muster was a nod.

"I'll pick you up at 8 for the party, see you later!"

He headed out to his car, his little brother waiting for him there.

This can't be good.

7:45pm and you decided to put some effort into your outfit. Wearing a nice shirt, a pair of black jeans as well as doing your hair and makeup.

"Who am I even doing this for..."

You sighed as you looked in the mirror.

This wasn't you.

Jonathan never cared about the way you looked. You'd known each other for so long that you liked each other for your personalities. Appearance meant nothing.

Steve on the other hand... he's got to be all about the looks. He was Steve Harrington for crying out loud.

'Am I doing this for him?'

You put your earrings in and headed downstairs, putting some comfy shoes on. You didn't drink, but if the night ends how you think it will, you'll need to start.

Grabbing your bag you went to wait outside,

"Holy.....wow.."

You had opened the door to Jonathan about to knock,

“Hi Jonathan”

You smiled, blushing slightly at his reaction. He really was sweet.

“You look... amazing..”

You chuckled and closed the door, wrapping your arms around his neck.

“You’re looking good yourself”

You could tell he clearly made an effort on his appearance too.

You hugged him tightly, feeling him hug back just as tight. You knew this was possibly the last time you’d be able to hug him like this for awhile so you made it last.

The drive to the party was tense. You spoke a little bit about school and asked Jonathan how Will and his mother were doing... but the answers were short. Blunt.

When you got to the party You decided to stick together for a little while, chatting and enjoying the time together.. but it wasn’t long before the music was getting to your head and you needed to get away.

“I’ll be right back.. I just need some air..”

You spoke into Jonathans ear. The music far too loud to say otherwise.

You headed to the front door and stood in the yard, taking in the fresh air. You looked towards the forest behind the neighbouring houses, focusing on how peaceful it must be over there.

“Hey, Y/N! You made it”

A voice spoke, yet again making you jump.

Harrington.

“Again, Steve?... If I have a heart attack because of you!”

You giggled and smiled at him. He looked good... A little more dressed up than he usually does. Apparently everyone was trying to impress at this party.

“I almost didn’t recognise you, you look amazing...” Steve said with a nervous smile, giving your new look a once over

“Thanks, Jonathan had the same reaction” you frowned at the

thought of him. Mentioning him just made things seem awkward.

“He here?” Steve looked around, seeing if he was close.

“He’s inside. I needed to get away from the music... Parties are still not my thing.”

You chuckled to yourself,

“how have you been, Steve? I haven’t heard from you in awhile.”

You asked with a hint of concern in your voice. It’s not like you talked everyday, or even every week but now and then he’d knock on your door and you’d sit in the garden and just talk... you kind of missed it.

“I’m sorry. It’s been a rough month and I just needed time to think.. I know i’d usually talk to you about stuff, but this one I needed to think about alone...”

He rubbed the back of his neck and looked at the ground.

His signature move, but a one that hid pain. Steve took a deep breath,

“Listen, Y/N.. I-“

“Y/N!”

Jonathan called from across the yard.

You looked back and acknowledged him with a smile. The smile quickly faulted when you saw Nancy following close behind him.

“Everything okay?” You said with a gulp. Your stomach twisted.

There was that feeling again.

He looked concerned

“Yeah! I mean.. well, no... well... Can we have a word with you?”

You look between Nancy and Jonathan and then back at Steve. Part of you hoped he’d give you some reassurance but you didn’t expect it. He looked surprised, his eyebrows furrowed at the situation.

“I... sure.”

You spoke in a whisper, lowering your head. You knew what was coming.

Following Nancy and Jonathan, you took another look back at Steve who was stood there with a worried look on his face. You’d started to walk away from the party to somewhere a little more quiet before

stopping. Nancy was stood a little bit away but close enough to hear.

“Y/N, I love you.” He spoke quietly,

“But..”

Theres the but. There was always a but.

“This is-“

“Steve, go away!”

Both yohr head snapped to look as you saw Steve and Nancy stood together

“No! She is clearly uncomfortable, Nancy! Whatever the hell you’re saying to her i’m sure you’re not needed here. It’s between those two” Steve defended you and it made your heart flutter.

It’s true. You felt pressured. Like Jonathan was going to dump you and run off with Nancy right there and then.

“Hey guys calm down!”

Jonathan spoke up, making you anxious. You never did like confrontation... Jonathan was never someone to get you involved in anything like this. Yet here you were. In the centre of it.

This was too much. You felt anxious, angry, hurt... pressured... scared...

As the trio continued to argue you couldn’t take it anymore.

“ENOUGH”

You yell at the top of your lungs, shaking from all the emotions you were feeling.

You’re pretty sure the music in the party stopped it was so loud.

Your head whipped around to look at Jonathan, taking a deep breath.

“Jonathan. I love you, but I don’t want to be with you anymore... you’re my best friend and since we got in a relationship that doesnt seem to have changed... we’ve always just been friends but we kissed.. thats it. I love you. As my best friend. The best friend i’ve had since I was 4.”

You took a deep breath.

“I know you like Nancy,”

His face dropped slightly

“I’m okay with it.

You smiled genuinely and nodded at him. He smiled back.

You turned to Steve.
No backing out now.

“Steve. You’ve become an amazing friend to me since we talked at that party... you’re a whole different person when you’re not the Steve ‘the king’ Harrington... And.. well.. I like you... I like you for YOU. Not the king. Not ‘the hair’

I like Steve.”

Your cheeks were red and you were emotionally drained. You wanted to go home, go under your covers and cry.

You pushed past Jonathan and Nancy, heading down the street. You were a good 20 minute walk from home but you needed to get away from everyone.

Your mind was beginning you to start running but before your legs could move you heard someone run behind you and grab your arm,

“Y/N...”

Steve....

He spun you around by your arm and frowned at the tears running down your face. Quickly wrapping his arms around you and hugged you tightly. You choked a sob knowing that he still wanted to be friends even after that announcement.

“Y/N...”

He whispered into your hair, a shiver running down your spine as he did.

“I’m sorry you were in that situation... it was shitty on both their parts. Getting to know you these past months, I know for a fact the Y/N i’ve been talking to was feeling scared. I didn’t want to but in... but I couldn’t see you like that.”

Steve rubbed your back gently before squeezing you

“And hey, for the record.... I like you too...”

He let out a nervous huff of air,

“Ever since we talked at the party, you made me realise that I don’t have to keep acting fake.. that people liked the real me... it made me happy... for the first time in a long time...”

He squeezed you again as you cried silently into his shoulder. You felt happy.

“Y/N, Steve...”

Nancy had creped up behind you two, causing you to break the hug

and look at her with still tearful eyes.

Steve had his arm around your back, continuing to rub circles to comfort you.

“Y/N. I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to be rude, or intimidate you...”

Jonathan joined in,

“Shes right. I... i’m thankful for what you said. I love you too Y/N, but... I’ve liked Nancy for awhile like you knew... and well, she likes me back. As awful as this sounds. This worked out good for us both”

He nervously laughed, pointing between you and Steve. Maybe he should have worded that better..

You choked a cry again, stepping forward and giving Jonathan a tight hug. You both embraced tightly and enjoyed the moment. After some time to heal and to establish your new relationships, you’d be friends again. And thats all you needed.

You had Steve now... You weren’t alone.

The pressure of months of conflicted feelings seemed to have been relieved from your shoulders.

You said your goodbyes to Jonathan and Nancy, leaving you and Steve standing on the sidewalk.

He stood beside you looking at your drained expression.

“Hey, how about I drive you home? You look exhausted..”

Steve gently took your hand and rubbed it with his thumb. He cared about you so much.

“That sounds like a good idea...”

You tiredly smiled at him, squeezing his hand as he lead you to his car.

The drive back to your home was quiet but the atmosphere was considerably better than the drive to the party. You looked over at Steve as he drove, smiling to yourself about the whole situation. Damn you were lucky.

Pulling up to your house you could feel your eyelids getting heavy. You wanted to spend more time with Steve... but you needed rest. You didn’t want to embarrass yourself further.

Sstepping out the car you made you way up to your door, Steve close at your heel.

“Thank you, for everything tonight Steve... If it wasn’t for you I don’t know what would have happened”

You took his hands in yours shyly, wanting to show your appreciation and affection.

Steve squeezes your hands and held them softly, he wished he could sit with you all night just to make sure you were okay.

“Don’t thank me, I couldn’t let you suffer like that... but it worked out better than I expected.... I didn’t want to have to fight him...”

He chuckled... wanting to rub his neck but with his hands occupied, so he just tilted his head instead.

You giggled and shook your head playfully, sighing happily for the first time in awhile.

“We can talk more about... us...tomorrow? I think we both need some rest and to clear our heads”

You took your hands back from Steve and rubbed your eyes, crying really took it out of you.

“How about I pick you up tomorrow, we can head into town, grab something to eat and chat properly?”

Steve said almost nervously, running a hand through his hair.

That damn hair.

“Sounds good to me, our first date”

You giggled nervously. You didn’t quite know how to say goodbye... Jonathan would usually kiss you or give you a shoulder hug.... You wanted to be different.

Leaning foward quickly, you kissed his cheek before opening your door and standing with if partially closed.

“Goodnight Steve, thank you for tonight, i’ll see you tommorrow”

You smiled before closing the door. Once it closed you leaned back against it and smiling widely. Your heart was hammering away. Quickly you headed upstairs for some much needed sleep.

Steve was smiling widely at the idea of a date with you, his eyes widening as you kissed his cheek. A half shocked, half lovestruck expression on his face as he watched you go inside.

“G-g-goodnight, Y/N...”

He headed back to his car, doing a skip in excitement on the way.

At that moment you both had a shared thought,
Yeah... Things were gonna be good from now on.